

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—A BOY TO LEARN THE printing business. Apply Morning Astorian. 1-10-tf.

WANTED—A PLACE AS NURSE, BY professional nurse of large experience. Address, Mrs. M. E. Costenbender, Fort Stevens, Or. 1-5-6t.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A RANCH OF 80 ACRES; 9-room house; good outside buildings, all newly painted; 200 fruit trees; 13 head of cattle; one span of young mares; two lumber wagons; mowing machine, hay rake, cultivator, plow, harrow, and a new separator; will be sold at one-half of their value on account of leaving the country. Address, Nels Olson, Oak Point, Wash. 1-4-12t.

FOR SALE—THE STOCK AND FIX- tures of a general store located a few miles from Astoria; very clean stock, and will invoice about \$7000. Par-ticulars at
WESTERN REALTY CO.

ONE HUNDRED-ROOM HOTEL FOR sale; doing a splendid business; good opportunity for a first-class hotel man.
WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—ONE-QUARTER OR ONE- half interest in a summer resort hotel doing a fine business; over 100 rooms and always engaged 'way ahead.
WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE OF A large lodging house; rooms always full; low rent. Western Realty Co., 475 Commercial street.

FOR RENT.

FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS to rent; no children wanted. \$30 17th st. P. E. Ferchen. 12-15-tf.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE security at reasonable rates; bonds, county and city warrants and other securities bought and sold; agent State Land Board; for investment funds 6 per cent interest. Insurance. F. I. Dunbar, 207 Astoria Savings Bank Building. 1-7-30t.

LAUNDRIES.

THOSE PLEATED BOSOM SHIRTS The kind known by dressy men in the summer, are difficult articles to launder nicely. Unless you know just how to do it, the front pleats won't iron down smooth, and the shirt front will look messy. Our New Press Ironer works them without rolling or stretching. Try it. Troy Laundry, Tenth and Duane. Phone Main 1991.

PROPOSALS FOR BIDS.

NOTICE.

BIDS ARE HEREBY ASKED FOR publishing proceedings of the County Court for the year 1908. Bids to state price per inch or square and style of type. All bids to be filed on or before February 1, 1908. Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk. 1-11-7t.

NOTICE.

PROPOSALS ARE HEREBY ASKED for the old Court House and any or all other buildings or removal of same, situate on block 28, McClure's Astoria. Bids may be for all or any one of said buildings. It being understood that those securing said buildings shall take away all rubbish caused by the removal of said buildings. Bids to state time same will be removed after acceptance of proposal by the Court. Bids to be filed with the Clerk on or before January 15, 1908. Court reserving the right to reject any or all proposals. By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk. 1-11-4t.

NOTICE.

BIDS ARE HEREBY ASKED FOR THE redecking, replacing defective piling or any piling gone, replacing any defective stringers or caps. Also sway braces and proper railing of the Youngs Bay draw bridge. Turnouts to be made when new piles are driven. Piling to be 3 in. 18 feet long and laid diagonally. Bidders to state amount and dimensions required. All of the present lumber now on said bridge that can be used, to be used. And all lumber that can not be used to be saved and to be taken care of by the Supervisor. Court reserves the right to purchase the material if considered cheaper by the court. Work to be done first-class and to be accepted by the county road master. Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Bids to be filed with the clerk on or before February 1, 1908. By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk. 1-11-18t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE
Attorney-at-Law
City Attorney Offices, City Hall

JOHN C. McCUE,
Attorney-at-Law.
Deputy District Attorney.
Page Building, Suite 4.

HOWARD M. BROWNELL,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at No. 400 Commercial St., Astoria.

DENTISTS.
DR. VAUGHAN,
DENTIST
Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

DR. W. G. LOGAN
DENTIST
Commercial St. Shanahan Building

OSTEOPATHS.
DR. RHODA C. HICKS
OSTEOPATH
Office Manselr Bld. Phone Black 3045
573 Commercial St., Astoria, Or.

MISCELLANEOUS.
GOOD PASTURAGE FOR HORSES.
Apply at Kinney Farm, Lewis & Clark. 1-4-6t.

HOUSE MOVERS.
FREDRICKSON BROS—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane.

MESSENGER SERVICE.
Hasty Messenger Co.
433 Commercial St.
NIGHT OR DAY SERVICE.
Phone Main 3721.

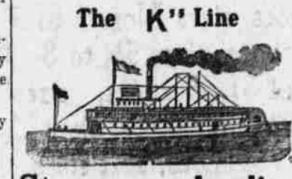
MASSAGING.
Massaging
OF ALL ITS BRANCHES; WARM baths if necessary; thorough competency is assured.
MRS. M. HEYNO,
87 W. Bond Street, Astoria.

UNDERTAKERS.
J. A. GILBAUGH & CO.,
Undertakers and Embalmers.
Experienced Lady Assistant
When Desired.



Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night.
Patton Bdg. 12th and Duane Sts
ASTORIA, OREGON
Phone Main 2111

TRANSPORTATION.
PASSENGERS. FREIGHT.



The "K" Line
Steamer - Lurline
Night Boat for Portland and Way Landings.

Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m.
Leaves Portland Daily except Sunday at 7 a. m.

Quick Service Excellent Meals
Good Berths.

Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf.
Landing Portland Foot Taylor St.
G. B. BLESSING, Agent.
Phone Main 2761.

T. L. Driscoll
Boatbuilding and Repairing a Specialty.
22 nd and Exchange street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

RESTAURANTS.

TOKIO RESTAURANT.
531 Bond Street.
Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.
Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.
—FIRST-CLASS MEALS.—
Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

U. S. RESTAURANT.
434 Bond Street.
Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.
First Class Meals 15 Cents.

HOTELS.

NORTHERN HOTEL
Astoria's Newest and Best Hotel.
Eleventh and Duane Streets.
Rooms, Single or en Suite, Steam-Heated, Baths, Running Water in Every Room.
Rates, 50c to \$1.50; Special by Week.
Phone Main 3911.
MRS. J. COLLINS, Manager.

HOTEL PORTLAND
Finest Hotel in the Northwest
PORTLAND, ORE.
European Plan Only.
H. C. BOWERS, Manager.

MEDICAL.

Unprecedented Successes of
DR. C. GEE WO
THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR
Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.

No poisons or drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases.
SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.
If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.
THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO.
162 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
Please mention the Astorian.

No Students, No Cocaine, No Gas.

We Challenge the World

We will forfeit \$1000 to any charitable institution for any Dentist who can compete with us in crown and bridge work, or teeth without plates. Pay no fancy fees until you have consulted us. Our continued success in our many offices is due to the uniform high-grade work done by years of experienced operators. The prices quoted below are absolutely the best opportunity to get your money's worth which has ever been offered. We use nothing but the best materials.
Best Silver Fillings..... 50c
Platinum Fillings..... \$1.00
Gold & Platinum Alloy Fillings..... \$1.25
Gold Fillings..... \$2.00 to \$5.00
S. S. White Layon Crown..... \$5.00
Gold Crowns, best set, extra heavy..... \$5.00
Bridgework, per tooth, best work..... \$5
Best Rubber Plate, S. S. white teeth..... \$5.00
Aluminum-lined Plate..... \$10 to \$15
A binding guarantee given with all work for 10 years.

VEGETABLE VAPOR

Used only by us for Painless Extraction of teeth, 50c.
Read What Mrs. Jessie Level Says. I had 12 teeth extracted by the use of Vegetable Vapor, absolutely painless—the most pleasing effect—and highly recommend the method. Yours truly,
MRS. JESSIE LEVEL,
Lafayette, Oregon.
NERVOUS PEOPLE.
And those afflicted with heart weakness can have their teeth extracted and filled without the least pain whatever.

Chicago Dental Parlors
Northwest Cor. Commercial and 11th.
Phone Main 3901.

The largest and best-equipped Dental establishment in the Northwest. Seventeen offices in the United States.
LADY IN ATTENDANCE.
See that you are in the right office.

Eagle Concert Hall
(320 Astor St.)
Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town.
F. A. PETERSON, Prop.

What the New Year Brought Him

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

BRAYTON, owner, stepped from the dingy little room at the end of the long black building, dubbed office, and walked briskly to the door of the foundry division. He had come down from the city that morning and was going back by the afternoon train. He took out his watch.
"Longmore," he called. "Mr. Longmore!"
A strongly built young man emerged from the grimy interior. Brayton looked at him speculatively.
"You will have this lot out by 4 o'clock, Longmore, I think you said?" he interrogated.
"Yes, sir."
"Well, you may draw the fires then and have the men begin clearing up. I shall not be down again."
In spite of its mask of iron black, Longmore's face expressed incredulous surprise.
"You don't mean close the furnace, sir?"
"I mean just that," calmly. "I have been experimenting two years and losing money right along. The ore is too poor in quality for profitable working. I shall be sorry to lose your services, but all my other furnaces are fully supplied with managers and foremen. Of course," thoughtfully, "if you should care to commence again as an ordinary workman, we might—"
"I do not wish to leave here," broke in Longmore impetuously, "and, if you'll excuse me, I think you are making a big mistake in closing the furnace. It will pay well in time. My experiments—"
"Yes, things have improved since you took charge," interrupted Brayton, "but you have not been able to eliminate the loss." He took a letter from his pocket, which he unfolded and passed to Longmore. It read:
T. H. Brayton:
Dear Sir—We shall have to make a heavy reduction in price allowed for your Brand Furnace output. Though better than previous shipment, it is still very poor and much inferior to what we are getting elsewhere, or even from your other furnaces. Thus far we have been able to use it in limited quantities in certain kinds of work, but new processes are being introduced into many furnaces which improve the quality of the output, and of course we must use the best procurable in order to meet competition. We are sorry, but as friends we would advise the closing of Brand's furnace.
"Your agents are mistaken about the quality of our ore," Longmore said firmly as he passed the letter back.
"We have a published record here of the output of other furnaces, and twelve—yes, six—months ago the average quality was no better than Brand's. You must remember that I have had charge only three months and that I had all the real practical work to demonstrate from my theoretical knowledge. In six months we

Longmore was on his feet, his eyes wide and looking grotesque in their rims of iron black.
"You don't mean this, Mr. Brayton," he gasped. "I have no means, no security, not even my college expenses paid yet. Then there's—"
"I've seen your work," coolly, "and am ready to lend you the money until the 1st of January. Unless you bring the output to a profit by that time, however, I will try to sell. Do you want it?"
"Of course, if you're willing, though—"
"There's the train whistle," interrupted Brayton, rising from his chair and starting toward the door. "You may draw on me for the money as you need it up to \$10,000, no more. And—er," as the train curved in sight around a hill and slowed toward the platform, "remember our compact. There's to be no correspondence whatever between you and Helen until you are fully able to support a wife."
Longmore watched him board the train with conflicting emotions, then went back to the office.
First he wrote to Mr. Brayton, offering him one-half of the profits after he had brought the furnace to a paying basis, in the meantime incurring all expenses of running work and improvements himself. That done, he called the men and made them acquainted with the change.
"Mr. Brayton had arranged for you to leave Saturday night," he said, "and to stop work altogether. However, I am going to run the furnace myself awhile experimentally, but will close the foundry. I shall require only fifty men, and they must be willing to work hard and accept long hours. We will begin at daylight instead of at 7, as we have been doing, and will have one hour for the noon meal and rest and then work until dark, but I will pay you \$3 instead of the \$2 you have been receiving. It will be hard work, of course, but I will ask no one to work any harder than I do myself, and I will add that I do not want any except trustworthy men who will do as well by me when I am absent as when I am with them. Those who feel they can meet these conditions and are willing to work for me may step forward."
Several of the more energetic men were talking among themselves. Longmore's eyes swept over them and over the rest of the group, slinging out a face here and there that he thought looked promising. Presently he went among them, with a few earnest, persuasive words here and there, and in the end he hired fifty men who promised to work as he desired.
Monday morning he and two of the men descended into the furnace to make some changes. When they came out Longmore went to the mine to see how the work of getting out ore was progressing.

As he approached the mouth of the mine he listened for the sounds of work, but could only hear the regular strokes of a single pick. Then as he turned a spur he saw the reason. Three of the men were lying on the ground in front of the opening, apparently asleep; two were tossing pebbles at each other, and the rest were lying about in various attitudes of ease.
"Got the furnace job done?" asked a stalwart young fellow as he rose, yawning.
"Yes. Why are you not at work?"
"Got tired an' thought we'd rest a spell. 'Sides, one of the men 'lowed there wa'n't much show for our gettin' paid an' that ye had only what ye'd earned as boss. I s'pose it's all right, though," lazily, "an' if ye say 'tis we'll start in ag'in after we lie a spell."
"Yes," quietly, "the money part is all right. Who is that working in the mine?"
"Billy Brooks," contemptuously. "That man 'll wear out an' drop down dead 'fore he knows, an' nobody 'll be to blame 'cept himself an' mebbe the man who drives him on to such work. The fellow's a crank an' don't know any more'n to do jest what he's told, an'—"
But Longmore had passed on.
Ten minutes later he came back. The men were stretching themselves preparatory to resuming work.
"Now you can come to the office and get your pay," he said briskly. "There will be less than half a day coming to you, for Brooks says you rested two hours or more this forenoon and that you have been here about two hours now. I shall pay you for just the time you work."
"Oh, we don't want any pay yet if it's all right," answered the young man sullenly. "But it's been three-quarters of a day. Folks have to rest, an' 'll Billy Brooks don't look out he'll—"
"Stop right there," requested Longmore, with a sudden ring in his voice. "Mr. Brooks will be your foreman after this, in my absence, and will keep an exact account of the time you work."
"Foreman!" angrily. "Billy Brooks!" Why, he don't know any more about minin' than I do. I'd make a better foreman any day."
"Perhaps, but Mr. Brooks seems to have been the only man faithful to my interests so far, and he will be my foreman, with an advance in wages. Now you may come and get your money, or you can go back to work, just as you choose."
He went on toward the office with-

out again looking toward them. The men hesitated a moment; then three of them followed him. The rest returned to the mine. After that there was little trouble with them so long as they were not left by themselves. The next few days he passed for the most part at the mouth of the furnace, helping and overlooking the ore as it was poured in, but in spite of his care and watchfulness the result was not satisfactory, and the newly made pig iron was carried round and cast back into the furnace, to be once more melted. Again and again was this done, and, though the results were often improvements on the preceding ones, they were not what he hoped and was striving for.

So he worked and experimented, the loaned capital growing smaller and smaller, until at last he began to discharge the more shiftless of the men. At the end of November his working force had dwindled to ten men and himself and his money to less than \$100. During the last few weeks but little time had been given to sleep. Through the day he worked with the men—silent, watchful, untrusting—and most of the nights were given to study and the devising of new experiments. Something was lacking, some little point which he had missed. Perhaps it was in the ore, perhaps in the furnace, possibly in some other place, only he had missed it, and yet the secret was hovering at his very finger tips; he was sure of that.

The ten men remaining to him were the pick of the neighborhood, in whom he was every day growing to repose more confidence. They were all hard working and tried to meet his wishes, and in a way they were beginning to understand that he was passing through a crisis of his life. One evening after an unusually hard day, as Longmore almost staggered toward his office, Brooks followed him, laying a detaining hand upon his shoulder.
"Look here, Mr. Longmore," he said anxiously, "you just leave that office alone tonight an' go into your room to bed. You're runnin' yourself out. An'—an'," hesitating a little, "if you don't mind, me an' the men have been talkin' about you some lately. We've been workin' pretty stiddy an' ain't a bit hard up now, so if it'll be any—any easier you might let our pay lie over a month or two. We don't mind, an'—"
Longmore swung round and grasped his hand.

"Thank you for this, Mr. Brooks," he exclaimed, his eyes moistening. "You don't know how I appreciate it just now. Tell the men so. But I shall not take advantage of your friendship, but another day or two will decide the matter one way or the other. I was up all last night, working and thinking, and am going to make one last trial, a bolder one. I sent my last \$50 away this morning, and the things will be here on the train tomorrow morning. The next day will decide whether we keep on or close and whether—But good night. Be on hand at day-break. I shall work in the office tonight, but after this will sleep."

The next morning he was on the little platform when the train came and took his package straight to the office. Soon after he went to the mouth of the furnace, where the men were throwing in ore, the package under his arm. All day he worked there with them, feverishly, but the next day when he went below to watch the result, when the molten iron was released, he was calm. But as he watched a strange light began to glow in his eyes. As soon as the bars were sufficiently cool he took several of them to the station platform, addressing them to Mr. Brayton. Then he went to the office and wrote a long letter, and it lacked but two days of the year's end.

The 1st of January the letter was answered by Brayton in person. His face seemed unusually excited as he swung to the platform even before the train stopped.
"Are those bars fair samples?" he demanded.
"Yes, sir."
"Well, well, well! I'd never have believed it—never in this world. They're the finest I ever saw and mean a fortune. But I can't accept your proposition, Longmore, to take over the plant with you again as foreman. No, no! I'll run it half and half, my capital against your discovery and services. And we'll increase the capacity and the working force to 300 men. You'll want a superintendent now, Longmore, and foremen for the different departments. You'd better hire them at once."
"They're already at hand, sir, men on whom I can depend and who will make our interests their own."
"Good! That's the kind we want. Now let's go to the office and consider plans for the increase. Why," explosively, "it's a fortune and the most unbelievable thing I ever heard of. Then we'll run up home and see Helen. She'll be glad, and—er—I won't say another word."

But it went.
"Prisoner at the bar," said the magistrate, "for the crime of overspeeding you will pay a fine of \$10 or be took to jail for ten days."
"That's not a correct sentence," murmured the prisoner.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Way to Draw an Elephant.
Little Gladys—Grunny, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please. Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Gladys—Cause I want to draw an elephant.—Chicago News.
Love of money is the disease which renders us most pitiful and groveling.—Lactantius.